

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Starting in Right.

By DORA MOLLAN.

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ALTON JONES was a New York born and bred. A little of the city-dweller's assurance came into his voice while his arm found its way around Ruth's slender waist. "You do love me, don't you Ruth?" "Yes," replied Ruth Redfield, trembling, but confidently.

So they settled their future under the maple tree by the spring, with an August moon looking down. And the transforming light of that heavenly body shined kindly over the crude and lovely aspects of the little New England farm emphasizing the inherent beauty of the scene. To Ruth that moonlight typified Hal's love for her, which, shining down the pathway of her life, would transfigure every sordid detail.

The next day Hal's vacation visit in the vicinity came to an end and he returned to the city. "I'm going to plug hard and make good. Ruth, and just as soon as I can save enough so we can start in right, we will be married."

Ruth, wonderfully happy, acquiesced. She wanted time to dream over this new element in her life and there would be so many things for her clever Yankee fingers to work on as she dreamed! Things for herself and the new home in the big city.

Mrs. Redfield took the news calmly; life had taught her the futility of taking any news otherwise. "You tell Joe," Ruth requested, not meeting her mother's eye. And Mrs. Redfield did that evening after Ruth had gone to her room. Joe Hodges sat across the table, plunged in study, for he attended a nearby agricultural school, doing the rough work on the Redfield farm for his board.

Mrs. Redfield didn't raise her eyes from the rag she was sewing, nor did she reply to the boy's choking. "I'm glad for her." But after a while she walked around the table and put her hand on the bowed head. "All things turn out for the best, Joe," she said. "Good-night."

Then Joe Hodges, clenching his calloused hands, decided to carry on; to stick to his plans for the future—with one change. There would be no woman in them; if Ruth was not for him then he wanted no one. It was characteristic of Joe that he never considered leaving the Redfield farm, but stuck on working harder than ever and trying to be to Ruth as a kindly, helpful brother.

Ruth informed her friends that her wedding would take place the following spring. "Hal wants time to save enough so we can start in right," she would add proudly. "We're going to have one of the most modern apartments, so I won't be a slave to housework."

There followed busy days when Ruth, singing over the task, dyed various scraps of material in bright colors and cunningly fashioned them into gay little rugs. Then word came from Hal that he feared the rugs she described wouldn't fit at all in the sort of apartment he had planned to take. Ruth put them away regretfully; but in a few days bits of white material and dainty laces took their places and the singing was resumed.

After another letter from Hal she vanished also. Ruth elaborately explained everything in the city at the last moment. "He says styles change so rapidly one can't be sure so far ahead that things will be right," Mrs. Redfield's lips came together in a straight line but she offered no remonstrance in words.

As spring drew near Hal received a raise. "Everything looks fine for the big event to come off as per schedule," he wrote. On the heels of this followed less cheerful news. The rents of modern apartments had advanced faster than his salary. Didn't Ruth think they had better wait till they could afford what they wanted? Ruth answered "yes," as she was so evidently expected to do.

Next Ruth busied her restless hands with curtains, hemstitching them with definite care, happy in the belief that they couldn't fail to fit into any simple home. But Hal vetoed them, too, when he came on for his summer vacation. "Nobody uses plain white curtains now," he explained with elaborate kindness. "They must match the color scheme of the room they are designed for. We'll buy them."

Joe, overhearing this, itched for a chance to lay his strong hands on the slender city chap; to take him by the collar and knock some sense into his head, or some nonsense out. When Hal left he assured Ruth that they would be married by Christmas week. But the girl's interest in things seemed to lag. Christmas drew near; Hal wrote that the firm declined to give him a vacation then. Whenever Joe's eyes fell on Ruth's listless face, he harbored thoughts akin to murder. But Mrs. Redfield's words returned to him: "All things turn out for the best."

So Joe just plodded ahead and carried out his plans. In March he finished his agricultural course and bought an abandoned farm nearby. There was a dilapidated house on the property, and into this he moved. Another hired man took his place on the Redfield farm.

Ruth worked feverishly making Joe's house comfortable for him. She brought out the gay rag rugs and the hemstitched white curtains. When Joe attempted to remonstrate she answered that she had no use for them and not enough to do to keep her busy. When the house was as complete as she could make it, Ruth formed the habit of spending an hour or two each day putting it in order for its lonely occupant. She chose the time when Joe was at work in the fields. One day he returned unexpectedly; and found her there, sitting in the middle of his kitchen floor, alternately plying a scrubbing brush and wiping tears from her eyes.

"What's wrong now, Ruth?" Joe demanded. "Tell me and I'll fix it for you somehow." His tone assured him for any offending person; it was well

for Halton Jones, just then, that he was many miles away.

"You ought to get married, Joe. I can't come to fix the house for you any more."

"You're going to be married soon yourself?" Joe brought the words out with difficulty. Then he added bitterly. "It will be some time before I can start right. My wife will have to work some. I fear."

The Lord worked, Joe. He made the world; he didn't buy it out of a department store! And I'll never marry any man who won't let me work; so there! I wrote Hal so last week.

"Then marry me, said Joe. And Ruth did.

Sister Mary's
Kitchen

When there are children in the family the problem of "what to have for luncheon" becomes a little more difficult.

A child's heartiest meal should come at the middle of the day. A nourishing clear soup, an easily digested meat—not too much of it—a starchy vegetable, a bulky mineral vegetable, and a sweet makes a balanced ration desirable for the noon meal.

In case of carrying the luncheon to school this same general rule should be borne in mind.

In the winter a thermos bottle of hot soup or cocoa, brown bread and sandwiches, filled with nuts and cheese or chopped raisins and nuts, a vegetable sandwich, a piece of plain cake or cookie and, when cocoa is used, an apple or pear or a few California grapes, constitutes a luncheon that gives without danger of indigestion, a menu for tomorrow.

BREAKFAST—Baked apple, cooked cereal, toast, coffee.
LUNCHEON—Bacon and tomatoes, raised corn bread, tea.
DINNER—Roast beef (English cut) mashed potatoes, stuffed onions, celery and radishes, hot rolls, jelly, caramel pudding, coffee.

My Own Recipe.
To have perfect mashed potatoes it is necessary to cook them well done. An underdone potato will not lend itself to fluffiness and lightness when mashed. Vigorous beating before and after the milk is added helps to give the desired result.

BACON AND TOMATOES.
8 slices bacon.
1 small onion.
2 tablespoons flour.
1 can tomatoes (2 cups).
Fry bacon in frying pan. Pour off half the fat. Add tomatoes and minced onion slowly, stirring constantly. Cook until perfectly smooth and thick.

RAISED CORNBREAD.
1-4 compressed yeast cake,
1-2 cup water.
1-2 cup milk.
1-teaspoon sugar.
1 teaspoon salt.
1 teaspoon lard.
1-1/2 cups cornmeal.
1-1/2 cups white flour.
Scald milk and water. When lukewarm add yeast dissolved in a little warm water. Add sugar, salt and lard. Mix flour and cornmeal and stir in enough to make a stiff dough. Knead in the rest and let rise over night. In the morning knead again and make into loaves. Let rise to double its bulk and bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes.

STUFFED ONIONS.
8 medium sized onions.
1 cup breadcrumbs.
1 tablespoon butter.
1 tablespoonful minced parsley.
Salt and pepper.
Parboil onions for 30 minutes. Drain out of the tops and scoop out the inside, leaving a good shell. Chop inside fine and add to breadcrumbs with salt, pepper, butter and parsley. Fill onion shells with mixture and bake for 30 minutes, basting occasionally. "Polly puts the kettle on" just 1919 times a year.

Martin Says
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MARTIN'S DRUG STORE

Confessions of a Bride

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I Try to Impress It on Bob That I Had Seen the Ghost Again.

"Do you remember, Jane, that hour ago you proposed blowing up the ammunition in the store house loft?" Bob asked.

"I never did, so far as I can recall," I said.

"Just so. I thought you were out of your head, dear. Well, I left you here in bed and went to find the doctor. The maid took advantage of my absence, it seems, and left the room, too. When I came back, you were gone! What were you up to, came to me in a flash! If I had lost one instant—My God! It was only a few seconds that I—"

We finished that sentence in a kiss. "I saw the same old ghost up there, Bob," I said with a smile.

"What are you talking about, Jane?" "Just about the ghost of the lovely young wife who was murdered in the loft so many years ago," I replied.

"Nonsense! Nonsense. You were not hypnotized this time, darling."

"But I saw the ghost just the same. It was walking around the room, this time," I persisted.

"Somebody has been—" Bob stopped short and rose from his chair suddenly.

"I know it was a ghost because it didn't pay the least attention to me," I insisted.

"You had on your padded bedroom slippers, my dear," said Bob. "And now—if you can let go of my hand for five minutes, I'll ask your nurse to sit with you while I see what is left of the show outdoors."

Bob left the room and I wondered why he should be surprised because I had seen the ghost again. I summoned my nurse. Like most of the persons whom Certeis employed, she was extremely capable. She was one of the experts who had been summoned to take care of Chrys.

"Did they ever find the girl who tried to stab my sister-in-law?" I asked abruptly.

"No, madam. But they say she hasn't dared to leave the place. There are a thousand people here, they say, and such queer nooks and corners

where she could stay concealed for months.

"I see," I said. "I think I need another hot water bottle. I certainly did need warmth of some kind I was having a mental chill if not a physical one."

"What if Bob were right, as usual? What if the white ghost which I thought I had seen—were a living being?"

"I think Bob read my question in my eyes when he came back. He didn't speak to me. He simply knelt beside me and put his face against my cheek, as if to comfort me."

"And so—what I saw up there—wasn't a ghost?" I put my opinion as a question.

Bob shook his head. "No ghost, my dear," he said.

"Somebody was hiding up there?" He nodded.

"Rosalie!" I managed to shape the name with my cold lips.

Bob nodded again. For a long time I kept very still. The only comfort in the world was the touch of his strong arms. Finally I flung the whole horrible truth into a sentence: "Bob! Bob! I never expected to be—to be a murderess!"

"Hush, darling! Hush!" "I'm headstrong, I tell you. I ought not to think about this. I am always planning wild stunts. And as soon as I've planned one, I carry it out. It was that terrible habit which moved me in my delirium. And now—and now I've killed—a girl!"

"You were out of your head! It was an accident! Don't get so excited, my love. Don't think of it. I beg of you!"

"I'm headstrong, I tell you. I ought to think about this. I am always planning wild stunts. And as soon as I've planned one, I carry it out. It was that terrible habit which moved me in my delirium. And now—and now I've killed—a girl!"

"You are wrong there, my dear. A tourist brought my friend, John Jasby, a quart of gin from Canada and his halibut could be heard a block away."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

LOUD REJOICING.
"Men are just like children," remarked Mrs. Dubwaite, in her superior way.

"Why do you say that, dear?" asked Mr. Dubwaite.

"Chiefly because of its pretty color, a man will wax eloquent about red

VIOLA

Christmas passed off very quietly at this place. So far as we can learn no one was killed or crippled or anything happened to mar the enjoyment of our people.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Snider, of Fairmont, was visiting the family of J. N. Prickett a day or two last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis and children, of Mt. Clare, Harrison county, spent a few days the last of the week with friends and relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harris and two sons are spending a few days with the family of Rev. C. E. Feather at Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. West and two sons, of Grant Town, spent Christmas with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Devault spent Sunday with the former's parents at Mt. Harmony.

Misses Braxie and Ruth Curry spent a day or two the last of the week with friends at Grafton.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Devault and children, of Fairmont, spent Christmas at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Feather and family, of Fairmont, spent Christmas day with the family of Samuel Harris.

The Amos Coal company is preparing to put in scales at their mines here.

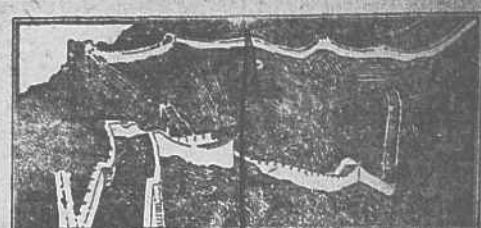
E. M. Stanton, who lives on the Amos farm here and has been stable boss at the Amos mines for some time, has bought property in Fairmont and will move his family there soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Harris, of Meadowdale, were calling on the family of E. E. Harris Sunday.

Our school reopened Monday after having a vacation of one week.

A Painful Case.
Mrs. Jones (commiseratingly)—Well, Mrs. Smith, an' how's your face?

comes an' goes. Sometimes I 'ave it, an' sometimes I 'avent'.—Sydney Bulletin.



The Great Wall of Modern Science—Sickness Prevention

The Great Wall of China is centuries old, but its basic idea is sound—it is better to keep your enemies out than to fight them after they have entered.

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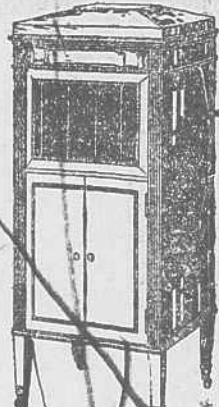
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The
New Year

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STORE CLOSED
THURSDAY

Osgood's
for
Quality



1920

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THE EXCHANGE TA ON A CHRISTMAS PRESENT)—BY ALLMAN.

